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*The*  
STUDENT'S  
PEN



May Issue

1926

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*The*  
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May Issue



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FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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# The STUDENT'S PEN

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THE BASKET BALL TEAM



# EDITORIAL

R.M.L.

## Won't You Try?

I'm no poet,  
And I know it,  
Yet I'm often told to try  
To write poems now and then,  
And give them to the "Students' Pen",  
For they are sure that I'll become  
A master poet by and by.  
I guess I'll try.

I can't write a composition,  
And I have no disposition  
To attempt an editorial,  
Or write a book review.  
As for a joke or book exchange—  
They come not within my range,  
So I'll have to write a poem,  
Since there's nothing else to do.  
I'll try to rhyme a line or two.

Just a little inspiration,  
And a deal of perspiration,  
With a stack of dictionaries by;  
And an hour or two of time  
Trying to get words to rhyme,  
Then your poem's soon completed—  
Won't you try?  
Won't you try?

Think of all the fame and glory  
You'll acquire, if a story  
Or a poem of your writing  
Is inserted in the "Pen".  
Why, before you even know it  
You will be a well-known poet,  
So won't you give a little time  
To writing poems now and then?  
Won't you help the "Students' Pen"?

James Tagliaferro,  
Commercial.



### Our Present High School Dances

Up to two or three years ago the "hops" and "proms" conducted by the high school students were eagerly anticipated, thoroughly enjoyed, and long remembered. The dances were held during the Christmas vacation and in the latter part of June, and they afforded excellent opportunities for the meeting of old friends and the reunion of classes. Because of this additional support of the alumni, the dances could be run on a larger scale, and in a more satisfactory way, and they proved to be more successful, from a social point of view than they are now. Why? Because a bigger hall and better music could be secured, because more people were interested in the school functions, and because a longer evening of dancing was allowed.

But what has happened within the last two or three years? A new system has been introduced whereby our dances are held for undergraduates exclusively, and graduates of but six months standing are denied the privilege of attending. Furthermore, these affairs, the "bright spots" in the career of a class, occurring so seldom, must be brought to a close at no later an hour than eleven-thirty, and must of a necessity be managed in a smaller hall with a less expensive orchestra and under the strict supervision of school authorities.

This ruling, by which we are treated as mere children, has resulted in a loss of spirit and interest in dances on the part of the students, and in a loss of spirit and interest in the school on the part of the alumni. Oftentimes the graduates are criticized for the lack of apparent pride and enthusiasm which they show toward the welfare of their own high school; but how could it be otherwise when there is nothing whatsoever to bind them to the school, no social activities in which they may participate, no occasion to recall to their minds what their high school days meant to them?

In view of the fact that Pittsfield High is losing its hold on the graduates and the interest of the undergraduates, it is only too obvious that some steps must be taken in the very near future to better conditions. So, with the success of the school as the chief objective, I strongly advocate the return to the former system of holding semi-public dances.

\* \* \* \*

### School Spirit in Baseball

One of the surest signs of spring is the sight of groups of small boys plodding off towards the parks and playgrounds with their bats, balls and "mits". Soon your school baseball team will be out on the common daily practicing for the team. They are going to uphold the honor of your school. Are you going to help them? You will go out of the city to follow your football and basketball teams, but you don't even follow your baseball team to Wahconah park. Baseball has never aroused school spirit in Pittsfield High altho it is a national-wide sport. It is the most played game in the country. Yet you students refuse to go to a game in which your school team plays. Pittsfield High has never made a good showing in baseball. Why? Because the students do not back the team. Go to your school baseball games this season and support the team as you did in basketball.

### Pursue Knowledge

It should be the ambition of everyone to pursue knowledge. Some people think that they can learn only in school, but this is a mistake. To-day we may pursue knowledge in music, art, crafts, nature, and travel.

The people of the twentieth century are more progressive than their predecessors of the nineteenth century because they try to receive an education.

One may gain valuable information through the reading of good books because they are the source of knowledge, and without them it would be impossible to learn many things we should know. When we are in school, we are supplied with books, and if we wish to learn we must study.

The following lines written by William Wordsworth, shows what we may obtain from books:

"Dreams, books, are each a world, and books we know,  
Are a substantial world both pure and good:  
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Rosemary Cannon, '28.

\* \* \* \*

### Commercial Education

In the last few years Commerce has become so important a factor that a commercial educational system has been necessary. The commercial high schools of the public system of education of the United States are organized with industrial aims. Their main aim is to give a general education of such a nature as best fits youth for commercial pursuits. A supplementary or higher commercial education may be obtained in trade and business schools or colleges.

In 1917 about two-thirds of the pupils in high schools in the United States were taking commercial courses. In the public high schools, commercial instruction is looked upon as general education and treated as such. Only twenty-five per cent of the time is devoted to technical commercial education. Another twenty-five per cent is given to related work and fifty per cent to general culture.

High schools are now spending more money on equipment and are studying more carefully the needs of commercial life so that they may impart more intensive instruction and practice in each individual section of commercial education. The pupils will then be enabled to step from school into positions in business concerns.

By the middle of the last century, owing to the vast increase of business throughout the civilized world, business men had already come to feel the need of special technical commercial education for their employees. As early as 1855 Gustav von Mevissen, the great European financier, in a report to the Chamber of Commerce of Cologne, advocated the higher education. But though the business men of Europe felt the need of business education, they struggled vainly against the traditions of the schools, colleges and universities.

It was in the New World that the business college first came, to supply in a measure, the needed business education. It was not until the universities turned their attention to this field that the dream of von Mevissen might be said to be in



a fair way realized. He himself began the good work by founding a commercial college at Cologne. Now most of the important universities of the United States have more or less complete commercial departments. A commercial education is the most useful and necessary education possible. If the opportunity of having such an education is yours, never let it pass by.

*L. Kratt, Com'l.*

\* \* \* \*

### Become Acquainted with Your Teachers

The essay department wishes to introduce to the readers of the Student's Pen a new and most interesting feature, which begins in this issue and will continue in successive issues next fall. The purpose of these brief sketches is to make every student of Pittsfield High School acquainted with our teachers. Many of us know very little about the teachers with whom we study five days a week, but we are very sure that after reading these vivid descriptions of the members of the faculty, you will become much more interested in them. Therefore, read these introductions and make the friendship of each mean something in your career at Pittsfield High School!

\* \* \* \*

### Who Are They?

#### I.

In the year 1921 there was an important addition to the English Department of P. H. S., for a teacher entered who has endeared herself to all her pupils. She is, indeed, well fitted to lend a helping hand to the struggling students. The honor of valedictorian was bestowed upon her when she graduated from the Lenox High School. Smith College was the next institution to receive her into its folds, after she had passed the entrance examinations with high standing. After finishing her college career, an opportunity was offered to her to enter the faculty of the Lenox High School where she taught Latin, English and History. During one of her summer vacations she took a course at Bryan and Stratton Business College. This course proved to be useful, for she entered the General Electric Co. and, besides doing Americanization work, taught in the office-training school. Meanwhile, she took the University Extension courses to further her education. We certainly are glad to have her with us and hope she is glad she is here.

#### II.

Anyone who has sat for long in the presence of this teacher's vibrating ruler, and inhaled the dust of his speeding chalk, and laughed at the wit which enlivens his exposition of mathematics, has learned something which will make a deeper and more lasting impression than the information one has accumulated of angles and logarithms. His enthusiasm and driving energy are a real inspiration. He graduated from Chelsea High School in 1918 and from Harvard in 1921. Before coming to Pittsfield, he taught at Rocky Grove High School in Franklin, Pennsylvania. He is business adviser of the Student's Pen and adviser of the class of June, 1926. The great success of the Junior Prom given by this class was due in a large measure to his ability and untiring efforts as director. We have a feeling that the Senior Hop will be even better than that memorable Prom.

#### III.

If you want to know "what is wrong with this picture" this teacher is the one to consult. She directs one of our etiquette clubs and, besides knowing which fork to use, can supply information on geology and chemistry. She has taught French and Spanish and is an accomplished artist in the fields of music and the spoken drama. She is an enthusiastic collector and an authority on scarfs. We were quite curious to know where she learned all this. She graduated from Smith Academy in Hatfield and then went to Northampton, (A.B., Smith College, 1920). She received all of her teaching experience in Pittsfield. She taught for two months in Pomeroy Junior High School before her talent was discovered and she was sent to better regions. She was adviser of the class of February, 1922 and is now adviser of the class of February, 1927. We must not forget to mention her geological expedition to Lost River in the White Mountains when she was "most squeezed to death."

#### IV.

There is one of the members of the faculty of Pittsfield High School who has had a most interesting and fascinating career.

She was born in Lee, Massachusetts and was graduated from the high school in that town. She spent two years at Boston University attending as a special student and then four years in Paris at a private school and at the Sorbonne. She then attended Les Cours d'Alliance Francaise from which she received the teacher's diploma enabling her to teach French abroad.

She returned to America but soon decided to make another trip to Europe. During this trip which covered a period of six months, she visited many countries including France, England, Ireland, and Alsace Lorraine.

Upon returning again to America, she taught French in private schools in New York, Albany, Detroit and Canada. For a year she held the honor of being at the head of the French department in the Milwaukee Downer College of Wisconsin as a substitute. Another year was passed as a teacher of French in the Transylvania University and at Hamilton College, a young women's college at Lexington, Kentucky. She has been a teacher of the Pittsfield High School for the past six years.

#### V.

Here is the real story of a real teacher. In the vocabulary of the schoolboy, real is a convenient substitute for all of the unweildly, complimentary adjectives which the boy has not mastered. To save space we have used it here in that sense. This teacher lives to teach and loves to teach. He puts every effort into his work. His interest in, and consideration for his pupils is much greater than that of most teachers. He stands head and shoulders above the average teacher in more than one way.

He was born in Shelburne Falls, Mass., where he received his early education in the public schools and Arms Academy. Entering Brown University in 1898, he was graduated in 1902 with the degree of Ph.B. and an election to Phi Beta Kappa. On account of a serious illness during his senior year, he felt obliged to decline the



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offer of an instructorship in German at Brown. After a period of rest he entered the teaching profession as instructor of French and German in a boys' private school at Norwalk, Conn. From 1905 to 1909 he was for one year master of French, and for three years master of German at Williston Academy, Easthampton, with the additional duty of teaching English to the Spanish speaking students of that institution. During the summer of 1906 he studied at Marburg University, Germany. The next three years were spent in teaching at the University School, Cleveland, Ohio.

Now leaving the profession for a time, he tried his fortune both as editor of a weekly newspaper and as traveling representative of French and German periodicals. The latter occupation afforded him the profitable experience of visiting the classes of most of the larger schools and colleges of the East.

He next taught German at Utica Free Academy and also served a year in the German department of New Haven High School, which at that time numbered 5000 pupils. In 1917 he went to Albany Boy's Academy for three years as teacher of French, German, and Spanish. In January, 1921, he joined the faculty of Pittsfield High School where he is now head of the modern language department.

\* \* \* \*

### Interschool Activities

Some months ago a fine attempt was made to promote interschool activities. This was done in the form of a musical assembly given during "Educational Week" by Drury High School students, representing the Drury band, glee club, and orchestra, in return for an assembly given by our combined musical clubs at North Adams. At that time, the plan of having plays and other entertainments exchanged between schools, was discussed. This matter seems to have been dropped and nothing has been attempted since then.

The subject which has influenced me greatly in this matter is that of "Debating." For some years, we have engaged in contests with other schools in athletics to a great extent. Sometimes we have been victorious, sometimes defeated. These athletic contests are tests more of physical ability than of actual scholarship. If we can take pride in our football and basketball teams, why not in a debating team? Our city rival, St. Joseph's High, has had a debating team, and a very good one, for several years and I am quite sure that other schools in this county would welcome the opportunity for interschool debates. Someone may say "Why not leave this to the Debating Club?" But we believe that this is a question of ably representing the whole school. Trials for such a team could be held in the near future, and one or more debates arranged during the present school years. Awards could be made to such a team as well as to athletic teams. I thoroughly believe that if pupils will show the right kind of interest, interschool activities can be revived to the benefit of all.

J. F. H., 26.



### The Impossible Possibility

"THE Construction camp is right ahead in them mountain's and just you wait'll you see the boss, you'll sure be . . . Wal, if that don't beat all," the speaker ejaculated as he turned to find himself talking to the empty air.

The stranger who had questioned him was striding off toward his horse. When he reached the animal, he sprang with ease into the saddle and was soon lost to view. He was a superb horseman. He was tall, broad-shouldered and muscular with eyes of piercing grey and a skin tanned deeply by the sun. He rode into the construction camp and halted his horse before a weatherbeaten, old man who removed his pipe to say, "Howdy stranger? Who you wantin'?"

"Is Mr. Richards around?"

Then as the old man stood staring at him as tho he had not understood, he repeated, "Mr. Jock Richards."

"Mr. Jock Richards!" the old man gasped. He chuckled loudly as he turned and called, "Jock, oh Jock."

"Coming."

A horse dashed around into view and its rider, a girl, slipped off before the horse had come to a full stop.

"Well?" she inquired looking from one to the other.

"This here stranger wants to see *Mister* Jock Richards," and the old man chuckled again as he limped off to his place in the warm sun.

The girl turned to the stranger.

"Well?" she questioned again.

"I came to see Mr. Richards," he said.

"I suppose you mean me as I'm the only one named Richards in this camp."

"You!" the man's surprise was evident.

"Yes," she confirmed her statement, "Jock's short for Jocelyn."

"Oh! Do you mean to tell me that you are supervising the construction of the dam?" then as she nodded assent, he said forcefully, "Impossible!"

"Indeed it's not. Come along and I'll show you."

She reached her horse, mounted and was off thru the clearing before he had collected his wits enough to follow her. She drew rein at the top of a knoll and pointed with her riding crop to the valley below where a tiny army of men swarmed at work.

"The impossible possibility," was all that she said.

They sat in silence for a moment then she turned in her saddle to look at him before she asked, "Who are you?"

"I—, well I needed a job so Kerry Steele sent me up to you or rather to the one whom he thought was the man bossing the construction crew. Have you any place for me?" he asked a trifle anxiously.



The girl sat in apparent thought.

"What's your name?" she asked suddenly.

"Watson. John Watson."

"All right, Watson. You'll go on as overseer tomorrow," and the girl wheeled her horse and headed for camp.

When he caught up with her she surprised him by saying, "I imagine Kerry Steele will get the surprise of his life when he finds out who bossed this job."

"Why?" he asked curiously.

"Well, you see," she wrinkled her adorable nose as tho in thought and continued, "I wanted a contract but no one believed a girl capable of constructing anything. I was turned down again and again. I decided I'd get this contract so I went, in person, to interview Mr. Steele. When he found out I was a girl he refused to see me. Anyway, thru my agent, I outbid everyone else and landed my contract. Kerry Steele certainly must be an old fogey if he doesn't realize yet that women are men's equals even in the constructing business."

"Yes, he certainly must be," he agreed tho he appeared to be somewhat amused.

In the days that passed Jock had little cause to regret her selection of overseer. Watson was popular with his men and got their very best from them. On the other hand, the men worshipped Jock and obeyed her orders to the letter for they fully realized that she was well acquainted with her business.

Three months after John Watson's appearance in the camp the dam was completed. Gleaming white against its background of evergreen it held within its friendly clasp an immense sheet of silvery, dancing water.

On this day, also, Jock received a telegram stating that Kerry Steele was on his way to inspect the dam and would arrive late on that afternoon.

Jock had planned to go with Watson to the head of the trail to await the guest. They had waited for three quarters of an hour before they saw him coming slowly up the trail dragging a heavy suitcase with him.

Turning to Jock, John Watson said, "Surely, when Kerry finds out what a good business man, I beg your pardon, I should have said woman, you are, he'll want to make you his partner."

Jock looked at him quickly, "Now you're making fun of me."

By the time he had convinced her that he was far from laughing at her the toiling guest had come within hailing distance.

"I say, Kerry, old man, lend a hand."

Jock looked at him and asked rather breathlessly, "Then you are Kerry Steele?"

He nodded and hurried down the trail to aid his breathless companion. When they reached the head of the trail Jock had disappeared.

Kerry did not find a chance to explain until after supper. The guest, Kerry's private secretary, had gone off to inspect the dam.

Kerry found Jock gazing rather pensively into the flaming heart of the fast setting sun.

"Well?" she greeted him coldly.

"I'm sorry, Jock," then added to his undoing, "It was such sport."

"Sport," with withering scorn, "if that's what you call sport—I—I . . .," she broke off and regarded him angrily.

Kerry laughed and said, "It has been worth it, Jock, you've gained a reputation for yourself."

At that Jock relented a bit.

"You might have . . .," she began and just then she remembered that she had called him "an old fogey." She blushed, stammered and to regain her lost composure turned her back upon him.

He put his hands upon her shoulders and turned her to him.

"Do you remember I told you Kerry would make you his partner? Well, he means to in more sense than one."

Jock made no answer for she had found her happiness.

*Alyce Columbia, '26.*

\* \* \* \*

### Pickled Watermelon Rind

SHE was sixteen, a slim girl with little hands and feet and a small, well shaped head with its boy bob and wave of black hair across the forehead. Everything about her was diminutive except two blue eyes. At present she stood at one end of the vast, dim attic, her head cocked critically to one side, as she pirouetted before an old-fashioned pier glass, propped against the wall. She was dressed in a gown of old blue, in vogue during 1860, that fitted her small waist and then billowed softly about her. A cobwebby scarf of many soft colors was thrown over her hair and shoulders, and the old attic could have framed no quainter, more charming picture than she made.

"O-ooo-o! What a duck of a dress," sang Nancy May Robbins, as she viewed herself most approvingly. "How darling Grandma must have been in it! No wonder Grandfather fell in love with her." Then, after a little more preening of gay feathers, "Wonder what else I can find." She continued her tour of discovery about the old attic, poking into dark corners under the eaves and rummaging through the old trunks standing against the wall. She brought to light treasures galore, wrapped in tissue paper. Somber black evening clothes of her grandfather's, carefully folded away; more old-fashioned dresses; a few funny old hats; a little trunk of baby clothes that had once been her father's; a pillow case full of silk scraps, probably saved for a patch work quilt. Then she swooped down on a pile of pictures and a few ancient Gody magazines with their quaint, funny styles. With her arms loaded with magazines and pictures, she staggered over to the east window where she deposited them on the floor and herself in a comfortable rocker.

Out doors the cold, blustering wind blew through the elm tree and the great branches creaked and strained, and tapped sharply against the house. The snow swirled and drifted against the window. Nancy still sat in the old rocker, a great pile of magazines and pictures on one side which she had looked through, a small pile on the other side still to be examined. The winter light streaming through the window was not very adequate to read by and her eyes were a little strained. The



corner of the attic was warm, heated by a pipe coming through the floor from down stairs. Nancy felt warm and a little sleepy. Then she came on a little book bound in black leather with the word "Diary" scrawled across the front in gold letters. Grandma's diary! She had told Nancy that if she found this record of her girlhood, she might read it. Now for the days of her grandmother's youth, when she was Nancy's age or a little older; when she wore that ducky gown and scarf; the days of Grandpa and the war and soldiers and the sunny South . . . . .

\* \* \* \*

A young girl in a sky blue dress sat perched in the crotch of an apple tree in the midst of an orchard in blossom. Her feet swung back and forth over the limb, ruffly white pantelettes peeked out and retreated. One arm was swung around a limb for support. The other rested on the first page of a little black leather diary. The owner of the swinging feet, white pantelettes, and diary gazed musingly through the orchard to the road. Then up the road at a brisk canter came a horseman in a blue uniform, riding a slim bay. The rider sat erect but he looked very tired and his young face was rather drawn. He glanced into the flowery depths of the orchard and sniffed the fragrant air. Then he spied the girl in the tree. He drew his horse to a halt and smiled up at her.

"Hello, up there! Is there a house near here where I could get some water?"

The girl swung down and ran over to the fence by the road.

"I can get you a drink. Our house is just beyond the orchard. You come to the drive a little further up the road."

Then she glanced at his uniform. A blue coat! He noticed her glance of horrified surprise and hesitation.

"I suppose you do hate this blue coat of mine."

"But a single northern soldier in one of the most enflamed districts of the South! My father is a southerner through and through and he hates the northern army. My brother is fighting." She glanced fearfully around. "There is a southern regiment encamped at Four Corners. What if they catch you?"

"But they aren't going to catch me."

"Oh-h!" She gave him a frightened glance, then ran back through the orchard.

The horseman straightened his tired shoulders, sniffed the soft air, and was about to proceed, believing that she had fled in dislike, when she returned with a glass of water and a shiny pail. He drank the water thirstily and looked expectantly toward the pail. She lifted the lid and took out a large piece of warm gingerbread which he ate appreciatively. The food and drink had refreshed him and when he finally rode on the girl, leaning over the fence and waving, felt a warm glow of benevolence—or was it benevolence?

\* \* \* \*

Through the windows of a colonial home streamed a soft light that gleamed on the white snow on a Christmas Eve. From the house came music; gay, rhythmic, dance music. In all the windows were huge holly wreaths. Up the path came two tall figures, one erect, the other limping and leaning against the first. At the door the second figure straightened, and opening it, stepped into the lighted hall, draw-

ing his friend after him. At the sound a little figure gowned in old blue, with a slim waist and billowy shirts appeared in the hall. With a glad cry, she rushed to her brother and threw her arms about his great figure. Then, turning she recognized his companion. To her cheeks came a rosy flush and she extended a friendly, little hand in greeting.

It was then that her brother told of his wound, of the brave deed of his companion and the fact that at great risk his comrade had brought him home. Under the stranger's dark cape could be seen the blue of his uniform. Then down the great stairway came a portly figure and as he recognized his son, the man of the house came rushing forward with open arms. He turned to the boy's companion but when he noticed the blue uniform, the words of greeting froze on his lips. Reaching for the door, he flung it open, admitting a cold blast. The young northerner strode out angrily without a word and it was not until the father had slammed the door that the stunned silence was broken. With a cry the girl started forward but her father stopped her. "No northerner enters my home," he said sternly.

\* \* \* \*

It was a dark night in early spring. Only the new moon, a slim crescent of light above the orchard, saw what was going on. The old pruning ladder leaned against the house, its top reaching a small dormer window in the left wing. Against the window loomed a great, dark figure. The figure stepped carefully down the ladder, steadying with one hand a small figure that accompanied him. The two reached the ground in safety and ran lightly across the lawn to a clump of trees in which two horses awaited. Then—horrors! ! The ladder slipped and slid against the house to the ground with a loud scraping sound. A white night cap popped out of an upper window.

"Nancy! Nancy!—NANCY!"

\* \* \* \*

"Nancy! Nancy!" That loud voice continued, growing louder, nearer. Nancy May Robbins opened her eyes to a dark, spooky attic. Up the steep stairs came a dim light and the insistent voice of grandma.

"Nancy, are you up here? Dear child, I've searched high and low for you! Whatever are you doing?" Grandma approached with her candle.

"And what have you there?" She picked it up. "Why my old cook book. I'm glad you found it. There are some fine receipts in it."

Sure enough Nancy opened the book and on the first page of the old diary, the date had been crossed off and across the top ran the words—"Pickled Watermelon rind."

Alice Canfield, '26.

\* \* \* \*

### The House of Mystery

(Continued)

Rodney Ellis ran up the driveway of Courtland Manor, so eager was he to assure himself of Vivian's safety. No one answered his knock and without repeating it he stepped in, calling to Vivian. No one answered his call. Frantic



with fear, he dashed hurriedly from room to room calling loudly all the time. In Vivian's room, he found the bed hardly disturbed. But no Vivian! She had disappeared quietly and completely without a trace of her whereabouts. He moved hastily about the room looking for clues. There appeared to be none. Vivian's clothes were strewn about a bit more untidily than he thought a girl's should be. Remembering Vivian's abhorrence of untidiness, he wondered. The trunk lid was jammed down over a wisp of rosy lingerie. He walked over to the trunk intending to rescue it. The lid yielded readily. The contents of the trunk were in an unruly chaos. At last the truth struck him. Someone had searched the trunk and then gone off. But where was Vivian? Had the thief taken her off with him?

As Rodney ran wildly from the room, his attention was attracted by a slight noise. He stood still listening. Again he heard it, that dull, thumping sound. He called, but there was no answer. Slowly and softly he walked down the hall trying to locate the direction from which the sound came. Then with a suddenness that startled him, he heard it again close by. It seemed to come from the partitioned wall. He called another time, his face near the wall. He was rewarded by a series of thumps which assured him that he was on the brink of discovery. His fingers sought for a catch along the wall for he did not doubt that there was a hidden room behind it. He sought in vain with eager fingers.

"I'm in here, Rod," came her voice muffled and indistinct.

"Where?" he called, "Where?"

"In-a-secret-room," came the answer.

Madly he searched again for the catch. His fingers came in contact with a slight irregularity in the carving of the panels. He twisted and pulled and at last in desperation jerked it savagely to the side. The panel slid noiselessly sideways and Rod dashed quickly in.

When his eager eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he saw Vivian securely bound to a chair.

Hastily he went to her side and unbound the girl.

"What happened? How long have you been here? Do you . . . ?" he began.

But Vivian laughed and held up a hand to stop him.

"It's about the wildest thing you've ever heard of, Rodney. Come on out of here. You go down stairs and get some breakfast while I dress. I'm famished."

At breakfast, she told him the whole story.

"The phone rang and I went to answer it. No one responded. On the way back, my candle went out and I was seized by some one. I guess I fainted, for when I came to, I was securely tied to that chair."

Here she glanced ruefully at her bruised wrists.

"Two masked men began to ask me for the papers; then one said something about a combination. I couldn't tell them anything, but they thought I knew everything. They bribed, they threatened, they pleaded and at last left, saying that after I had sat in that chair all day, perhaps I'd be willing to talk to-night and that's all," she ended, smiling at him over the rim of her coffee cup.

"That's all," he burst out indignantly, "that's enough, the cads."

"What did they want, Rod?"

"How in thunder should I know?"

Rodney was so worried for fear Vivian would insist on staying at the house again that he forgot to be polite.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said contritely. "But, evidently they want some papers that are . . . .," an exclamation from Vivian stopped him.

"I have it, Rod. Dad would only say over and over again. 'The papers—59—1—0—right—59'. They're after those papers. Come with me, Rod. We're going to find them ourselves," she called as she ran from the kitchen.

The panel was still open and Vivian hurried in.

"There must be a safe in here, Rod. By the way, did you ever stop to think that perhaps those mysterious lights which the villagers saw were made by modern, up-to-date flashlights?"

"No, but I believe you're right," said Rodney grinning sheepishly.

All that morning they searched for the hidden safe. Every square inch of the wall was gone over and then Vivian, stumbling wearily, felt the floor beneath her feet begin to slide silently aside.

"Rodney," she gasped, and sat down rather weakly.

"Quick, the combination," Rod demanded breathlessly as he knelt to work the safe.

Slowly she repeated the numbers, her fascinated eyes watching Rod's every move.

As the safe opened, there was revealed a single packet of papers, which Rodney seized. In the brighter light of the other room, they opened and read them. Rod's lawyer's intuition told him of their importance long before Vivian realized it.

"They establish your father's innocence and point out the guilt of those really involved."

Vivian's glad cry came from a heart bursting with gratitude.

\* \* \* \*

At the trial some weeks later, Stephen Courtland's innocence was established. Rod, handling the case as Vivian's lawyer, exerted himself to clear the mysteries of Courtland Manor.

The telephone call was a prearranged signal to warn those within the house that someone unknown to them was there also. The footprint was found to be due to carelessness for Fletcher Sinclair, the real master mind, had used the stairs two weeks previous to Vivian's arrival, and had, in removing the evidence of his intrusion, missed this one step leaving his footprint definable even after the stairs had become again coated lightly with dust. His plans of dragging the Courtland name into disgrace might have succeeded but for the timely home-coming of the last of the Courtlands.

Back at the beautiful, old home, the clouds of disgrace and mystery removed, Vivian and Rodney wandered, hand in hand, thru its fragrant, charming gardens.

Once Rodney murmured, "You are very brave, dear one."

And Vivian replied, "Bravery is born in every Courtland."

And at Rodney's whispered, "I love you for it," she smiled sweetly and all the world smiled with her.

*Alyce Columbia, '26.*



### "Sam's"

THE signboard with the word "Sam's" printed in large, somewhat-obiterated letters swung above the doorway of a small ordinary-looking restaurant. In spite of its being tucked away in a narrow by-street, "Sam's" was always crowded, for the little "quick lunch" had gained a worthy reputation for its food and prompt service. Few of the wealthier class found their way to "Sam's" though occasionally, a well-dressed young man or a Van Dyked elderly gentleman drifted into the restaurant, more or less out of curiosity and interest.

Upon one of these rare occasions a dark, travel-worn hero of about twenty-eight or thirty stumbled upon the eating house and became initiated into the society of "Sam-goers." Seated at a table, Don Edwards, as he was called, became interested in the group of people he saw around him. They represented a crowd of laborers, who work half of their lives and sleep the other half, believing in "all work and no play", and knowing only an everlasting struggle for food and shelter. Their faces were resigned and tired, their expression was hard and determined, and their eyes held little lustre. It was, on the whole, a somewhat brooding, unhappy, atmosphere and Don was on the verge of assuming the prevalent disheartening air when his attention was suddenly attracted by a nearby companion who offered a less dreary outlook on life—a refined-looking girl, stylishly yet simply dressed perfectly at ease amid this noon-day clamor and rush.

The difference between the girl's clear-cut features and those of the other occupants was so striking, and her bearing and attitude so superior, that to Don she seemed almost out of place; and yet he was glad she was there, for her presence seemed to make him feel a little less lonely. It had never before been brought so clearly to Don's mind what two distinct classes there are in this world; how one is identified by refinement and culture, and the other by coarseness and vulgarity. In spite of her appearance, the girl apparently lacked the funds which Don thought she should necessarily possess, for she had before her one of the most scanty meals one could expect to see: a plate of saltines and a glass of water. Some contrast, indeed, between that dinner and his own which consisted of roast chicken, fried potatoes, salad and coffee.

Don, who had always been termed a stumbling, well-meaning chap, stared almost rudely at the girl, and his eyes wandered from her face to her dinner. She looked well and contented, but when, feeling someone's gaze upon her, as we are often wont to do, she lifted her eyes and fixed them on Don's victuals, she could not suppress the longing and hunger that for a moment crowded out her determined, resolute look. But only for a moment. Don could not help but admire the force of will with which the girl refused to tolerate her apparent desire for food. With only pity in his heart, our hero somehow wanted to help this girl whom circumstances had obviously placed in such a position, for Don preferred to believe it due to the cruel mistreatment of Fate rather than to any love for or lavish spending on clothes.

Wondering just how she would accept assistance Don decided that he must do something rather than sit there and watch this poor, unfortunate girl starve. Ordering a second dinner with directions to have it carried to his nearby companion, he anxiously and shyly awaited the result. When the waiter returned, bearing a tray

of such tempting dishes as only a seasick man could refuse, and placed them before the girl, she looked up in startled amazement, insisted that there was some mistake, and then finally taking in the situation through the mumbled words of the waiter, she glanced at Don with eyes that at first blazed but which finally cooled down to puzzled interest. Our young hero, however, saw nothing, for he, always a bashful, reserved individual was busily engaged in trying to manoeuvre his lettuce without mishap and the girl was left to draw her own conclusions.

When Don thought it safe to watch the girl he found her eating the chicken with an appreciation of it that confirmed his suspicions of her hunger, but what perplexed him considerably and piqued his vanity was to see a half-amused smile framing the girl's lips. One would think that the situation seemed ludicrous, when in reality Don intended the food to be only a heaven-send. To make matters worse the smile was spreading into a grin and was approaching dangerously near a laugh. The young man who had tried to act the role of an angel and save a damsel from starvation was disappointed. Why should the girl consider his action so laughable? She was almost heartless, but Don tried to excuse her with the thought that she might be laughing to hide her embarrassment. She at least sincerely relished her dinner and her benefactor lost himself in watching her. In fact it was several minutes before he realized that his own lunch was becoming cold and tasteless, and he thereupon became so absorbed in completing his meal that he was taken entirely unawares when he noticed that his fair neighbor's chair was empty, and that the girl had vanished, swallowed up as it were. How had the girl managed to slip away so slyly and quietly without attracting his attention? Don looked about hopelessly searching for a lost friend. When the same mutely intelligent waiter placed a small note before him, he took in the words immediately:

"Ever the two shall meet." — J.

What on earth did the girl mean and what could she possibly have inferred? For a long time the young man sat there musing over the letter "J", and trying to think of a name that would fit the letter. Jeanette, Jean, Judith, Julia, and Jane all flashed through his mind but he rejected each one of them. They all were inappropriate for the girl who had disappeared so mysteriously, leaving behind her only remembrance of beautiful features and dark, laughing eyes.

A casual note of the time informed Don that it was already after two o'clock, and that he had but fifteen minutes in which to reach the home of Mr. Beckwith on the other side of the city. This visit for which our young knight had traveled over five hundred miles, must mean a promotion, and if so Don would undoubtedly be given a position in one of the big city offices. It certainly would never do to be late on such an occasion upon which his whole future rested. Grabbing his coat and grip, Don made a hurried exit and a still more hurried dash up the street in search for a cab, dropping his hat and swearing lightly, having the idea common to all men that a few profane words and ejaculations help greatly in overcoming difficulty. When he finally caught his breath, he was being whizzed through crowded streets, dodging telephone poles and curbings, whirling around corners and across car tracks, and miraculously coming out on top. He had always marveled at the skill and daring of taxi drivers and had often desired to award some of them with medals in recognition of their narrow escapes.



When the cab drew up in front of the imposing Beckwith mansion Don uttered a prayer of gratitude for his remaining life, but he had to gasp again when he confronted the inside of that beautifully furnished home. These people certainly entertained the right idea of living.

After offering apologies to the distinguished-looking Mr. Beckwith for his tardiness, Don proceeded to settle himself down for a business talk, but evidently such was not the intention of the elderly gentleman for he was prone to talk about matters far remote from business.

"Arrive in town this morning?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Don. "It was a long ride and sort of hot and dusty, but I managed to survive."

"Yes! Yes! I suppose we'll be having some real hot weather pretty soon. By the way, have you lunched?"

"Oh surely," Don replied. "I wandered into a small restaurant in some settlement district. Can't imagine how I ever wound up there but I suppose I lost my way after leaving the station. I wanted to see the town and I'm afraid I started in with the wrong part of it."

"Well," drawled Mr. Beckwith, "the town's growing a bit and it's very easy to be misled. You'll stay with us a few days?"

Don looked up in surprise, naturally taken aback by this sudden invitation. "Why, that's very nice of you, but—you see—"

"Have you engaged rooms?" and when Don answered in the negative, "Fine, it's all decided then."

It didn't take Don long to realize that Mr. Beckwith was not accustomed to being thwarted, and when he stated that something was decided, it was useless to argue to the contrary.

The conversation continuing along general lines of formality and politeness, Don was beginning to become impatient to arrive at the all important subject when suddenly Mr. Beckwith asked, "Do you like your work with the firm?"

"Oh, very much," enthused Don. "It took me a long time to find work and settle down, but the minute I entered that office I knew I had found what I wanted."

"I've been receiving some mighty good reports about you. In fact, I've almost decided to—"

"May I intrude?" a voice came from the doorway.

Don found it difficult to control himself. Interruption at this point spelled further delay in hearing Mr. Beckwith's decision. He rose with a look of disappointment and annoyance which quickly changed to incredulity when he perceived who had uttered those last words. He vaguely heard Mr. Beckwith's words of introduction to his daughter, bowed slightly, and received from across the intervening space a flash of dark, laughing eyes.

When the three were seated, the girl remarked, "Isn't it strange, father, how two persons will meet in the most unexpected places. Though Mr. Edwards may not remember," with a mischievous glance at Don, "I sat across from him at lunch today in that funny restaurant called 'Sam's' and—"

"Janice," her father interrupted, "I do wish you would stay away from that settlement district. You know how much I dislike your traveling around that

section of the city alone. It's no place for you. Furthermore I don't like to have you eat at 'Sam's.'"

"But father dear, I don't eat much. You see," turning to Don, "I'm also caught in the clutches of modern ideas. I'm supposed to be on a very strict diet."

"Foolishness! Just ordinary, twentieth-century foolishness!" remonstrated her father.

"Maybe so. But even then,—one must keep up with the times."

As Don listened to this enlightening bit of information, he viewed the girl called Janice, one name in a million he never would have thought of, with a sudden new interest. She certainly had been clever in maneuvering affairs at luncheon and her words cleared up so many, puzzling details. One point that still troubled Don was the contents of the note. He couldn't quite imagine how the girl had been so positive of a second meeting.

Sometime later, when he had occasion to ask her, she replied, "Your traveling bag bore your name in such large, distinct letters, that I couldn't help but connect you with the man whom father has been discussing for the past few days. You see, he has decided—"

But Mr. Beckwith, passing at the moment, supplied the words, "As I started to say some few hours ago, I've decided to give you a place in one of my down-town offices. I hope you will be ready to start work next week."

Don answered "I'll be on time, Mr. Beckwith." And then to Janice, "Perhaps you'll consent to lunch *with* me occasionally at 'Sam's'."

Blanco, '26

\* \* \* \*

### Raindrops

I love a rainy day  
When skies are low and gray,  
And heaven meets earth in hazy mists  
On hills not far away.

I love the sound of rain  
Upon the window pane,  
The pitter-patter, friendly chatter  
Of the falling rain.

M. H. Bastow, '27.

\* \* \* \*

History teacher (observing boy copying some work): "Hello! Williams?"  
Confused student: "Er-how do you do?"

Exchange.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Murray: "Savage, will you answer that question?"  
Immediately everyone in the class started to answer it.  
Mr. Murray: "Is there more than one Savage in this class?"





## POETRY



### *Mother's Day*

There is no one like a Mother,  
To comfort all your pain;  
And share your joys and sorrows,  
Thru sunshine and thru rain.  
'Tis she who well can banish,  
The things that oft' annoy;  
And so make life worth living,  
For both her girl and boy.

There is no one like a Mother,  
To keep you nice and neat;  
And make you pies and dainties,  
That really are a treat;  
'Tis she who knows your notions,  
And all your thoughts and deeds,  
And so she guides our actions,  
And helps us in our needs.

There is no one like a Mother,  
To fill your soul with joy;  
Her love no one can measure,  
Nor can they e'er destroy.  
'Tis she who knows your troubles,  
For which she is prepared;  
And kindly watches o'er you,  
With loving, tender care.

But soon the time will come,  
When our mother will pass on;  
And life will seem so empty,  
When she at length has gone,  
So while you have your Mother,  
Rejoice, and make her gay;  
And tell her that you love her.  
Everyday is "Mother's Day".

*Edith Silver,  
Commercial.*

### *Hot-House Daffodils*

There is something urging, calling,  
Insinuating, sweet, and yet compelling.  
The throbbing joy and pain of bird-note,  
The lash of a branch of warm, pink buds against the window  
Are an insistent urge, imperatively calling me  
Away from the confining warmth and comfort of the fire,  
From the sharp, irritating perfume of the bowl of hot-house daffodils  
So correct and proper—something that should be wild grown under glass in the  
warmth.

Oh, I would go adventuring in the rain—  
Feel the wind in my hair, the rain in my face,  
The wet grass, cool and slippery beneath my feet,  
And the soft oozy mud of the brook that was made to be waded in.  
I would lie in the dry leaves beneath a great tree;  
Feel ants and queer unknown bugs crawling over my arms,  
And hear the soft chirp of young birds—  
In a high nest in the branches above me;  
Peer into the dimness of the wood,  
Seeing a flash of scarlet on a dark, gleaming wing  
Or the dazzling white of a feathered breast.  
I would lie all night against the earth nor want a pillow.  
I would never return to soft chairs and a fire.

But still it calls . . . . I shall put on my rubbers and coat,  
Walk down the road and turn aside into the path that leads to the woods and the  
brook.

I shall walk very carefully not to wet my feet,  
And shall feel very reckless if I venture out into the swamp for some cowslips.  
I shall sit on a dry tree stump protecting my dress from the dripping branches,  
And shall shrink from the spider's web suspended between two trees in the path  
before me.

I shall return before dark because the woods are strange and frightening at night.

I shall come back to four walls and a roof,  
To a chair before the fire and the daffodils on the table,  
That were grown under glass in the heat.

*Madge Tompkins, '26.*



### Youth

Youth is like a laughing, joyful brook  
Which wanders over verdant pasture lands,  
Now whirling, bubbling in a rocky nook,  
Now flowing gently over sunburned sands.  
Here sporting with a playful speckled trout,  
Here lending aid to tender, drooping buds;  
But ever wondering what it's all about,  
This greater life amid the swirling floods  
Of fate's huge problems, 'round the bend-ahead.  
And seeking, reaching there, can it return  
To trace again its shady haunts and bed  
Of stagnant iris, near the swamp, and churn  
Among the glistening rocks beneath the fall;  
Or cool the burning fever of the sands?

Life sends the glowing Youth its clarion call,  
And as the brook obeys the tide's demands,  
So too, does Youth with eager steps press on  
Thru hurried years of joyous strife to gain,  
With earnest living, the proud right to don  
The purple bordered robe of well-earned fame.

*A. R. Pomeroy, '27.*

\* \* \* \*

### Spring

When the sky begins to brighten 'most as soon as you're in bed,  
And the birds they sing so loud you have to cover up your head;  
How they sing!  
And just as you get sleepin' good, Pa hollers at the door,  
"Come, get up, boys, and hustle. It's a little after four",  
Then it's Spring.

When the brook begins a-roarin' just as loud as it can roar,  
And on the willow branches little catkins by the score  
Set and swing,  
When the hens begin to wander off so Ma can't find their eggs,  
And a longin' to go fishin' seems to settle in your legs,  
Then it's Spring.

When you find some little blossoms peepin' out—so small and shy,  
And you hear the wood-dove cooin' to his mate as you pass by,  
And they bring  
A funny feelin' round your heart, and finally round your eyes,  
An' it seems like you're a-standin' on the edge of Paradise  
Then it's Spring.

*Frances Drinon,  
Commercial, '26.*

### Twilight

Do you know the maiden frail  
Who covers the earth with a purple veil,  
Who comes as the day draws to a close  
And tints the sky with violet and rose;

Who tells the birds it is time to rest  
And tucks each one in its tiny nest,  
Who flits through the garden, a violet light,  
And kisses each flower a fond good-night;

Who clothes the mountains in purple hue  
And brings the sweet, refreshing dew?  
She is the herald of star-laden night,  
Peaceful, soothing, mystic twilight.

*Dorothy Lamar.*

\* \* \* \*

### In Italy

When dreams come true  
I will build a marble palace,  
With mellow tiled roof  
And creamy white walls.  
Tall poplars will sway  
In sweet, balmy breezes,  
Near a sapphire-blue sea.  
When dreams come true  
I will build a marble palace  
In Italy.

*D. D. Brown, '28.*

\* \* \* \*

### Spring Fancies

Along the brook are dainty flowers  
Who lift their faces to the sun;  
I love to lie there hours on hours  
And watch the fairies, one by one,  
Come lightly, softly, sweet and slow,  
To kiss the lovely flow'ry faces  
Of the blossoms as they blow  
In the breezes, quite audacious.

*M. L. Simmons, '27.*





### Abraham Lincoln: the Prairie Years

ANOTHER Carl Sandburg composition comes to us this month! Mr. Sandburg has often been called the most typically "American" of our contemporary poets, and it is therefore quite appropriate that he should have chosen as the central figure of his great epic poem, a figure of history which is equally typically "American." This new book "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" is written in the fine rugged prose type of poetry so characteristic of Sandburg's serious writing. Sandburg seems to have a sympathetic and keen understanding of his hero and gently imparts it to his readers. He is not afraid of the man whom he is portraying for he knows thoroughly the circumstances attending Lincoln's early life in the prairie country. Indeed, many times we actually feel ourselves living in that uncultured region with Lincoln and actually experiencing the hardships which daily confronted him.

True to form, Mr. Sandburg has woven into his narrative choice old ballads and songs of the life of the prairie. Of these he has a large fund and is exceedingly fond. These lend an abundance of color and picturesqueness to the less vivid parts of the story.

In his description of Ann Rutledge and Lincoln's wife, Mr. Sandburg is the poet. His soul seems to pour forth in his attempt to picture these interesting characters to us. In fact, his descriptions thruout the book are unusually impressive and realistic.

"Abraham Lincoln" is a book which I think ought to be most favorably received because of its sincerity of thought and its departure from the ordinary type of biography, for, although it is mainly a biography, it is one of a very different sort.

Ione Howard, '26.

### The Chicken Wagon Family

ALMOST old-fashioned in its ease and conventionality of diction, modern in its background and viewpoint, this unusual tale by Barry Benefield unfolds itself slowly and smoothly. As the title, "The Chicken Wagon Family", implies, the interest of the book does not center on one hero or heroine, but includes the activities of all the members, legitimate and adopted, human and animal, of an unusual family, narrating its varying fortunes in the city of New York. An exquisite love theme, with a sordid under plot which really enhances its beauty, weaves the numerous episodes into one pattern.

In this age of nouns without verbs, dashes, exclamation points, and the general incoherency and confusion found in so many "modern" novels, it is a pleasure to read a story portrayed in a dignified, quiet way, without having to lose one's breath mentally, so to speak. It is also somewhat of a surprise to find that this style of writing does not detract from the elements of suspense and action in the book.

Altho the critics are very kind to this book, it is too soon to predict whether it will soon be forgotten or will take a prominent place on our library shelves. However, everyone who reads it will carry with him a delightful sense of intimate friendship with the Fippanys, and also a keen sympathy for all lovers because of Addie and Jim.

Peggy Smith, '26.

\* \* \* \*

### The Madonna of the Streets

"THE MADONNA OF THE STREETS" by Anna Balmer Myers is the story of a girl whose soul is starved for beauty. She longs for it unspeakably and yet it is denied her. Her father, the blacksheep of an "old" family, is convicted of forgery through the agency of a jealous step-mother. The child, left alone in the world, is bundled off to a reformatory. There, however, she meets a kindred soul in Miss Hughes, the matron, and as Sarah grows in body, her mind and soul develop as well.

Finally, at the age of eighteen, she decides to visit her father's family. But she finds that a girl who not only has been in a reformatory but also has a convict father, is not welcome in the little provincial town. Her grandfather and her aunts barely tolerate her, while the townspeople will have absolutely nothing to do with her. Thus develops the story of the young girl who bravely struggles for her desire until she obtains the greatest reward of all.

"The Madonna of the Streets" has a great deal of interest not only on account of the story but also because of the vivid pictures that the author has lavishly showered on the book. While one is reading, of course, he is lost in absorption, seeing, through the author's eyes, Sarah running away to spite the matron, the young rector falling at Sarah's feet while she is picking apples.

In fact, when one has finished, he feels that it has become a part of himself. Naturally one recalls easily Sarah's escapades and adventures, but the high lessons of broad-mindedness and tolerance will remain with one always.

Charles Wells, '28.



### The Second Rehabilitation of Joan

"SAINT JOAN", a play in six acts and an epilogue by G. Bernard Shaw, is both an attempt to correct some false impressions concerning the heroine of French history, Joan of Arc, and an acid comment on human nature. Although "Saint Joan" was staged very effectively a few years ago, it makes such excellent reading that it seems to me that a stage presentation would lose somewhat by being merely spoken. In the first place there is a remarkable and extremely interesting preface in which the author discusses some of the common errors regarding Joan. In fact the preface, which is in itself a great part of the book, deserves to be published separately. Then the stage directions and the opening descriptions of the scenes are so clever, so tersely witty, that they alone intrigue and hold the interest.

The idea of the drama and, I think, the theme around which only a play could be made, is that those who point out the faults of others are always exceedingly unpopular. Shaw develops this idea throughout the somewhat lengthy six acts, and even more vividly in the epilogue. It is, so Shaw thinks, Joan's lack of worldly wisdom and diplomacy that brings her down-fall; and in the epilogue when the representatives of the various times and institutions which rehabilitated, canonized, and finally made Joan a saint, raise such a storm of protest when poor, pathetic, blundering Joan suggests that she return to earth, that thought is clearly portrayed. Saint she may be, but nevertheless, a very uncomfortable person to have around.

Joan, from the very nature of the play, over-shadows the other characters. She is simple, direct; to-day we would no doubt call her tactless and unrefined. But her nature is strong, and free from inhibitions and limitations. Of course, there is the weak and pitiable Charles, who repays his coronation and the securing of his kingdom with indifference when his benefactress is to be burned, and he is too contemptible to matter. Le Hire, Cauchon, and Dunois, too, are negligible, except as they represent the inevitable antagonism Joan always creates. The drama is characterized by very brief and succinct dialogue; it suggests the idea that Shaw has eliminated everything but the necessary.

The action is all off stage. Nor could it be otherwise. Each scene is a brief commentary on the action; not that it is at all dead or uninteresting—it is the interpretation, not the action itself, that is important.

"Saint Joan" is peculiarly appealing even though it is a trifle cynical. It is always an occasion for rejoicing when we can love and understand some remote figure of history, and Bernard Shaw, I think, has helped us to do that. Joan, poor dear, may be somewhat divested of glamour and conventional adulation, but she is much more human and approachable.

*Madge Tompkins, '26.*

\* \* \* \*

### The Under-Dogs

"THE UNDER-DOGS," by Hubert Fletcher, is one of the fascinating, recent mystery stories, uncommon in that it makes the reader feel as though he were one of the actors in the situation. Somehow, the story had really happened once.

Some one has said that all mystery stories are based on the plan of Poe. That is true of this one. Madame Storey is successful in her work as detective not because of her reasoning ability entirely, but because of her intuition and it is almost entirely through her intuition that she saves a young girl from the clutches of evil.

Marvelous character-disguising is undergone by more than one person in the story, and there is no lack of humor. Don't fail to read this fascinating, new novel which leads you to another world of thrill and mystery.

*Margaret S. Moore, '26*

\* \* \* \*

### The Venetian Glass Nephew

"THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW", by Elinor Wylie, is causing much comment in literary circles. It is the story of a cardinal whose one desire is to have a nephew, and who realizes the fulfilment of this desire. A nephew, fashioned of glass and containing the breath of life, is provided for him by two of the cardinal's countrymen, artificers in glass. The love affair of the nephew and the consequent complications are unique and bizarre. The story itself is unusual, even tho the author deals with a very old theme,—love. Altho the book is written in a smooth style, the action drags. To one desiring to read something new and novel, I heartily recommend this book; to one seeking a story of power and action, it would not appeal strongly.

*Harriet N. Moses, '26.*

\* \* \* \*

### Thoughts When I'm Alone

I'm here alone but I'm not afraid.  
My dog is here.  
He'll send away all thieves  
Who dare come near.  
But there's one thing  
That rather bothers me.  
I wonder if—if he'd bark at a ghost  
And scare it 'way,  
Just as he'd chase away  
The big, bad men.

*M. H. Bastow, '27.*

\* \* \* \*

### The Dance

The dance is mad, fantastic, gay—  
The music wild, untamed. Away!  
Let us away into the night  
And dance—and dance—supreme delight!

*M. L. Simmons, '27.*





### Assembly for the Girls

On March 30 Miss Gerrett arranged a very interesting assembly for the girls. The speakers were Mr. Smith, principal of the North Adams Normal School, and Miss Lewis, a district nurse. After the talk on Normal schools, Red Cross certificates were presented, Miss Cooper, of the County chapter of the Red Cross, and Mrs. Van Norden, secretary of the Pittsfield branch, were also on the platform. The assembly was very entertaining.

\* \* \* \*

### Assembly

Not long ago, Pittsfield High opened its gates again to Mr. Ripley of the General Electric Co. On his last visit here, he told of the large turbines made at the plant. This time he showed slides of his trip abroad. Most of his pictures concerned aeroplanes. The assembly was enjoyed by all and we hope we may have more in the near future.

\* \* \* \*

### Senior Hop

Hey! There! All of you who trip the light fantastic, who shake a wicked foot, who toddle divinely, who jig, who dance according to Harvard, Dartmouth, Williams or any other style be prepared to demonstrate your skill at the Senior Hop, May 28, 1926. It is to be held at the Girls' League Gym, the usual setting of all our dances. Those of you who attended the Junior Prom last year know what a great time the class of '26 can give. It promises to be the best school dance yet in the history of this crumbling bit of antiquity, and you will never forgive yourself if you fail to appear the night of the event. Boys, we are warning you ahead of time so save your pennies. A word to the wise is sufficient. Girls, don't refuse just because you can't have a new gown. Wear the one you wore last year, nobody will ever know the difference because every body will be having such a good time. Teachers, we are inviting you specially to lend dignity to our receiving line and variety to the whole party; here is a good chance to get acquainted more thoroughly with those smiling, intelligent, and inspiring countenances at which you gaze five days a week.

I might add that Bay State Aces Orchestra is to play. The committee is as follows:

General Committee is made up of the class officers—Carmen Massimiano, Marjorie White, Mary Condron, and John Gannon, who is general Chairman. The other committees are: *Refreshments*—Margaret Henry, Gladys Gould, George Rice; *Reception*—Jimmy MacIntosh, Charlotte Thurston, Lila Burns; *Checking*—Thomas Eamo, Ralph Garner; *Decorating*—Lawrence Polly, Peg Smith, Harriet Moses, Wes Noble; *Music*—Greta Kennedy, Bob Nolan; *Publicity*—Ray Pilon,

Mary Varcoe, Bill Shepardson; *Tickets*—Arnold Rose, Rosemary Haylon, Kathryn Ryan.

"Yes," you say, after reading that list, "that's a good committee. Guess I will go to that dance, 'cause I know it's going to be good."

\* \* \* \*

### Advanced Public Speaking Club Notes

Perhaps it would not be a bad idea to give the readers of the "Pen" an idea as to the course followed by this club. This present term, the members, through special committees, have arranged a course comprising the following topics: Extemporaneous speeches, speeches of nomination and election, after-dinner speeches, speeches on topics of the day, humorous speeches, and speeches on original subjects. Besides these various talks, we have arranged three or four special features, including a speaking contest to determine our best speakers, a debate within the club, a debate with some outside team, and, to bring our term's work to a close, a play to be given before several of the clubs of the school. This club is trying to give its members some practical, useful knowledge as well as a very enjoyable course. Visitors are always welcome at our meetings held every Friday morning in Room I.

Jack Harding, '26, Sec.

\* \* \* \*

### Miss Jordan is Back

After two months of Florida's sunshine, Miss Jordan has again taken her place in P. H. S. Florida, with her palmettos and magnolias, is quite a contrast to New England with her stately old elms. Miss Jordan is quite satisfied to return to our city once more; the reason must be the "Berkshire Air" which we hear so much about. While South, Miss Jordan and her party were located at Daytona on the east coast of the peninsula. However, they did not remain there throughout the whole visit, but traveled up and down a portion of the state.

We have heard much about Florida lately, so much that now we are not inclined to believe all we hear, but when one of our own faculty sees those things for herself, we are prone to submit to being convinced of the facts. The undeveloped state of the land, some of the cities and the roads; the newness of everything including school buildings, hotels, and even the people; the conditions of the transportation, as for instance, the one track railroad from Jacksonville to Miami; the mad rush southward to make or lose fortunes; the success of Hollywood or Coral Gables and so on as resorts and the like all give us an impression of newness and awkwardness. But then we were all young once, and Florida is like a Sophomore, in her infancy.

We are all glad to welcome Miss Jordan back again. We hope she is completely rested and prepared to cope with the surge of humanity at P. H. S. She surely is to be commended for her judgment, when she favors Massachusetts to Florida.

\* \* \* \*

### Mr. Goodwin Goes to Hartford

On March 28th and 29th, our vice-principal attended the annual meeting of the New England Classical Association at Hartford, Connecticut. The first day's



meeting was held in the public high school and the second at Trinity College. Mr. Goodwin returned greatly impressed not only by the speech of welcome given wholly in Latin and the interesting work taken up by the convention, but also by the real spring weather in Hartford.

\* \* \* \*

### Senior B Class Rings

If you happen to pass a Senior B in the corridor a week or two from now, do not be alarmed by his or her "high-hat" attitude, for the class ring will be in full evidence by then.

We feel that the ring committee, Marion Simmons, Fred Carpenter, and Robert Pomeroy, should be complimented, as the ring they chose was unanimously accepted by the class.

The base of the ring is of yellow gold, very attractively decorated in hand chasing. The oval insignia is of black enamel and around the outer edge of this appear the words, "Pittsfield High School," written out in raised letters of white gold. The class numerals are written beneath the insignia of black enamel.

We Senior B's are anxiously awaiting them.

R. G. Pomeroy.

\* \* \* \*

### Senior B Notes Commercial

We, the Senior B's, under the able guidance of our ring committee, have selected our class rings. After a lengthy debate that would have done justice to Webster and Hayne, we have agreed upon what we think is the handsomest ring that ever graced the finger of a Pittsfield High School Student. Anytime now you may have the opportunity of viewing these rings on the fingers of the students of the class of February 1927.

Catherine Tone,  
Commercial, '27.

\* \* \* \*

The officers and trustees of the bank for the second semester are as follows:  
*Officers:* President, Parker Savage; *Vice-President*, Michael Foster; *Treasurer*, Elizabeth Hoff; *Trustees:* Samuel Graubard, Joseph Pelkey, Sara Silver, Antoinette Ruberto, Dorothy Philbin, Caroline Tamburello, James Tagliaferro, Anna Garden, Howard Davenport, Freeda Ferris, Mary Lenihan.

\* \* \* \*

### News from the Household Arts Department

The first girl to receive a Household Arts diploma was Margaret Leahy, who graduated in the February class. The seniors of the department gave Miss Leahy a luncheon with the teachers of the course as guests.

\* \* \* \*

On February 17 a representative of the Colgate Soap Company gave an interesting lecture and demonstration to the Household Arts Department and teachers of the school. She demonstrated ways of washing scarfs, sweaters, dresses, etc and showed her audience how to wash silks and woolens without harming them. The girls of the department are to enter a contest by writing essays on washing silks. The prize is a very beautiful Bon Voyage Package. Mildred Brewster, '27.



### City Championship Series

#### First Game

P. H. S. 14—St. Joseph's 24

Scott Fitzgerald, a popular author, has just written a book entitled "All the Sad Young Men." The volume was published a little too soon to permit its being complete. No treatment of such a subject would be satisfactory unless it contained mention of the members of the P. H. S. basketball five during their game which they dropped to St. Joe on March 3rd by the score of 24 to 14.

This defeat certainly came as a surprise to the P. H. S. hoop fans. What happened to Pittsfield is something of a mystery, but whatever it was, it proved highly disastrous to our prospects. The P. H. S. quintet underwent a thorough and complete demoralization; the offense of previous games was no more; the defense, which has made a name for the purple and white tossers, developed a tendency not to work at the right time. However, the psychological effect produced by the bouncing off the rim of many of the boys' long shots accounted in great measure for the team's utter rout.

Although St. Joseph's out played the purple and white five, we are inclined to believe that our boys simply had their "off night."

\* \* \* \*

#### Second Game

P. H. S. 16—St. Joseph's 15

Chosen to inaugurate one of the many St. Patrick's evening festivities by means of their contest with St. Joseph, on March 17th, the purple and white quintet proved worthy of the honor by downing the "Irish Lads" by the close score of 16 to 15. An enthusiastic crowd of students and city folks (mob would probably be the right term) thronged the Boys' Club Gymnasium to witness a game which was closely fought and which teemed with moments of good, fast basketball.

During the first ten minutes of play St. Joe was the aggressor. The P. H. S. five was kept in the running by Arnold Rose's fine hoops and by the "foul shooting" of Froio, whose work from the fifteen foot mark was unerring. The last few minutes of the first half were closely contested, and until intermission, the teams remained practically deadlocked, fighting strenuously for every advantage. The half closed, however, with St. Joe leading 12 to 9.

The second half was featured by the further improvement of Pittsfield's already fine playing. A brilliant offensive, consisting of smooth passing and accurate shooting, together with superb "foul sinking", resulted in a growing advantage for the P. H. S. five, the score finally being tied and then reversed by Captain "Hank"



Garrison's single important tally. During the closing moments St. Joe tried desperately to tie the score, but the die had already been well cast.

For Pittsfield it would be hard to name an individual star, as the scoring was about even and the team work was of a superb order. Ralph Garner, who showed the people how one of the best guards in the state does his work, covered "Ted" Dunn, the St. Joe ace, like a coat of tar and feathers, and also took an active part in the machine-like plays effectively used by the Pittsfield hoopsters.

"Bob" Jackson of Springfield, who was in charge of the game, was a superlatively vigilant official, calling countless fouls on both quintets.

\* \* \* \*

### Third Game

#### P. H. S. Wins to St. Joseph's

What we came to believe as the impossible has happened, P. H. S. dropped the city championship to her ancient rivals for the first time in the history of the school. Playing before a capacity house, St. Joe took the third and deciding contest for the city hoop title. St. Joseph's trailed 14 to 13 at half time, but came back strong in the third quarter and clinched the encounter.

With the strain of previous hard work beginning to tell upon our boys, St. Joe did have a slight advantage. The game was very close all the way and marked by close blocking and plenty of speed. St. Joe was leading 8 to 7 at the end of the first quarter, but the purple and white tossers came back to take the lead at half time. The St. Joe quintet made enough points in the third quarter to win the game; P. H. S., however, worked hard and like Perry the naval hero, they did not give up the ship until it was sunk.

\* \* \* \*

#### Pittsfield Downs Drury

Thrills! More Thrills!! Thrills Galore!!! That's what all concerned thought when they saw our boys conquer our ancient rivals, Drury, in the most breathtaking game ever seen in Pittsfield. The game was hard fought from the start to the finish of the four overtime periods. The lead changed hands continually throughout the impressive contest. Arnold Rose and "Eddie" Scully were the respective stars for P. H. S. and Drury. Each of these versatile performers kept his team in the running by sinking some of the prettiest shots ever seen in any basketball game. "Hank" Garrison, our plucky captain, turned in the basket which tied the score at 15 all a short time before the crack of the final gun. In the first overtime period Drury was the first to score, but P. H. S. soon added two points again, knotting the score. The second overtime period was almost the same as the first, Drury again scored first and, amid an uproar of wild and hoarse voices, P. H. S. again scored just a few seconds before the gun banged. The third period, fast and furious throughout, resulted in no scoring, the teams remaining deadlocked at 19 all. The fourth period opened with a great many long shots. "Eddie" Scully had a couple of "sucker" shots, after breaking away from the P. H. S. defense, but the strain was beginning to tell and "Eddie" missed the chance to become a hero. The chances which "Eddie"

refused "Rosie" took and Arnold made himself the hero of the situation by sinking one of the prettiest long shots of the whole encounter, this basket putting P. H. S. ahead to stay. Not being satisfied with this lead, Ralph Froio, our hardworking little forward, sank another floor hoop, which clinched the contest for the purple and white tossers. A short time later the roar of the final gun announced to the frenzied Pittsfield supporters a hard earned victory for Pittsfield.

The whole P. H. S. quintet played an exceptionally fine game. Arnold Rose was high scorer as usual. "Hank" Garrison played a great floor game beside shooting the basket that tied the score. Ralph Froio had a lot of hard luck, but he turned in the basket that put the game on ice for P. H. S. Ralph Garner not only played a stellar game at guard, but he took a leading part in Pittsfield's offense. "Had" Price also proved a part of our "stonewall" defense.

Final Score P. H. S. 23—Drury 19.

\* \* \* \*

#### P. H. S. Loses Northern Title

P. H. S. lost third deciding contest for the northern title to Drury, March 26th in one of the slowest games ever seen in a hoop court. It seemed fast to many, but the correspondent of the Pen could not see it, though, of course, he is open to conviction. P. H. S. lacked the snap and drive shown in the previous memorable contest, and Drury, outside of Capt. Scully's fine work, also seemed utterly lost.

Drury took the lead at the start of the game, but P. H. S. quickly tied the count in the third quarter, the score being 10 all. Capt. Scully then dropped two long shots which put Drury ahead to stay. In the last quarter E. Scully again dropped two more shots putting Drury ahead 8 points. Our scoring ace, Arnold Rose, gave us the impression that the ball or the hoop was greased thoroughly before the contest; his shots rolled off the hoop just as water rolls off a duck's back.

Price excelled for P. H. S. while Capt. Scully, as usual was the whole Drury scoring machine.

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#### Letter Men

The following hoopsters received their letters: Capt. Henry Garrison, Mgr. James MacIntosh, Ralph Froio, Ralph Garner, Harold Price, Michael Foster, Arnold Rose, Sidney Cusick, Theodore Millette, Frederick Chester, Philip Bruno, William Pomeroy, Frances Almstead.

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#### Review of our Basketball Season

To many P. H. S. fans, the season just finished was a bit of a disappointment. It is true that the early promise of the team was not fulfilled, but there was more to this apparent failure than is seen at the first glance.

First, take the assets. Pittsfield won eight league games, losing three. She made an excelleng showing at the Springfield tournament, lasting into the semifinal round and gaining a technical victory over the strong Agawam five in the consolation contest, when that team declined the opportunity to play.



On the other hand, the team suffered midseason defeats from Drury and from Dalton, both by margins of one point. Having gained back these lost games in the return contests, Pittsfield weakened and lost out in the North Berkshire league after a splendid uphill fight. Decidedly the biggest upset and the worst reverse of the season was the losing of the city title to St. Joseph's. The parochial five took the first game by the unusually large score of 24 to 14. P. H. S. then took the second game on St. Patrick's day by one point; St. Joe was not to be denied, and Pittsfield fans were once more forced to watch a tired, dispirited but still fighting team go down to defeat.

An unsuccessful season? Yes!

A disappointing season? Yes!

But a disgraceful season? No! ! !

The team did all it could. More than that no one can ask.

\* \* \* \*

The Pittsfield High Basketball Team attended the banquet of the Berkshire County High School Conference by invitation of the Pittsfield Hi-Y Club. It is a usual custom for the Hi-Y Club to tender the teams some sort of a reception. It was thought that the team would enjoy hearing a big college athlete speak to them rather than attending a dance. It is certain that they enjoyed the fine talk on clean sports given by Capt. Phil Bunnell of Yale. His address was most interesting because of his informal manner which made the fellows forget that he was a great college athlete. Wesley Noble congratulated the team in behalf of the Hi-Y Club and the quintette was given a rousing cheer closing another successful season. It is hoped that something different can be done for the teams during the coming year in recognizing their efforts for P. H. S.

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### Track

First call for track candidates was issued April 22nd. About forty boys responded to the call in the auditorium where Coach Carmody gave a short talk giving the candidates an idea of what was going to be done during the coming season. He mentioned the fact that invitations to participate in meets had been received from R. P. I., Yale, and Harvard. It is very probable that the R. P. I. and Yale trips will be taken the same as last year. The coach is also planning for several dual meets and an interclass meet. Although a great many of our stars have graduated during the last year, it is hoped that with the aid of new material, a first class team will be turned out.

\* \* \* \*

### Baseball

On April 13th, the candidates for the baseball team were called out. A large squad answered the summons, and hopes are held out for an excellent season. Among the prospects are: *Infielders*: Nolan, Garner, McNeil, Foster, Froio, and Bruno; *Outfielders*: Volan, Hayes, Kelly, H. Edwards, and Root. The battery is problematical.



'17 Benjamin Shepardson is working in a bank in New York City.

'19 Mildred Wendt has been made supervisor of Dental Hygiene in the Public Schools of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Ex-member Pomeroy Power is assistant editor of the Current News.

'21 Thomas Killian, a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is one of the five persons who have been awarded fellowships for the year by the Charles A. Coffin foundation. These fellowships will enable the recipients to enter institutions of their own selection. Thomas plans to enter Princeton University.

George Conway has also acquitted himself creditably at M. I. T.

'23 Helene Millett of the class of '23 and Dorothy French of the class of '22, students at Smith College, have been named on the Dean's list of students having achieved an average of "B" or over during the first term of the college year. This list carries the privilege of exemption, at the discretion of the supervisor, from examination in subject for which the student has an A or B grade for the term's work.

Ermine Huntress, who is attending Mount Holyoke College, took part recently in the play "Wurzel-Flummery" given in the Chapin auditorium of the college.

'24 Thomas and Edward Reilly, president and vice-president of the class of '24, and Francis Sheridan are attending Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Raymond Nelligan is in the sophomore class at Seaton Hall College and is a forward on the varsity basketball team.

Charles Baker is a sophomore at Tufts College and is assistant-manager of the basketball team.

John Mandell is a freshman at the Rensselaer Polytechnical Institution.

George Kelly is a sophomore in the seminary of St. Hyacinthe, Canada.

Daniel Coffey is a freshman at the Lowell Textile Institution and is a member of the varsity basketball team.

"Teddy" Abrahams of the February class is a sophomore at Tufts and a member of the varsity basketball team.

Neil Bridges is with the F. James Carroll players in Holyoke. The "Holyoke Transcript" complimented his acting and prophesied a successful future.

Doris Acheson was on the committee at the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University, for the Gamma Delta annual dance held recently.

Rose Frumkin who is attending Boston University, will complete the two year course in June.

Morris Levine is attending Tufts College.

Doris Carmel and Clarice Frissell are attending the Salem Normal School.

Virginia May is working in the Berkshire County Savings Bank.

Grace Lamb is in her senior year at the North Adams Normal School.



Margaret Stanton, Mary Talkov and Rose Simpkin are attending the North Adams Normal School.

Margaret Melin is attending Boston University.

Beth Musgrove is assistant-editor of the "Quill" at Russell Sage.

Ex-member Howard Lally, who participated in a concert here recently was a member of the freshman class but left to study in New York.

'25 Bessie Levine and Susie Messina are in the House of Mercy Training School. Mary Alberti is working at the General Electric.

Mildred McLaughlin is attending the Westfield Normal School.

Sally Robinson and Bessie Klein are attending the North Adams Normal School.

Frank Kennedy is working in the General Electric.

'26 Hubertus Field is working at the Strand Theatre.

Philip Ayer is working at the General Electric.

Marion Bruce is working in the office at Eaton, Crane and Pike's.

Gladys Whittlesey is working in the General Electric.

Stella Dansereau is attending Berkshire Business College.

Wilfred Blais, Gerald Davis, Paul Ferry, Milton Melnik, Morris Poch, Philip Sagarin, Charles Sullivan, William Whalen, Jennimae Cooper, Stella Dansereau, Doris Kriger, Virginia Dennison and Mary O'Donnell of the class of '26 are taking post-graduate courses at P. H. S.

Gerald Brown, Francis Campion, Margaret Connally, Marie Cullen, Mina Decker, Katherine Koddeau, Stuart Goodell, Margaret Leahy, Adele Palmer, and Benjamin Shusterman of the class of '26 are taking post-graduate courses at Commercial.

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The following letter was received by Mrs. Bennett from Edward Hickey of the class of '23, a former editor of "The Student's Pen."

\* \* \* \*

122 West Hewitt Avenue  
Marquette, Michigan  
March 11, 1926.

Dear Mrs. Bennett:

I must apologize for my tardiness in replying to your letter. It was certainly a pleasure to hear from you, and I was quite interested to learn that you had once taught school in this section of the country. Menominee is about 150 miles south of here, if I have figured the scale on the map correctly, and it has a population of 8,000 which is about two-thirds as many as Marquette has.

I find this to be a pleasant little town, apparently not at all bothered by the fact that it is located a million miles from nowhere. The climate is quite similar to that of the Berkshires, but I think we can boast of a much pleasanter winter than the one you have just enjoyed back east. Everything was real mild and pleasant

up to a few days ago, and I was expecting an attack of spring fever any day,—and then along came a rip-roaring blizzard that buried the whole upper peninsula under five feet of snow, so the spring fever has been indefinitely postponed.

Acting on your suggestion that I brush up a little on the historical associations of this region, I went on a research expedition to the Chamber of Commerce Building and returned with the whole history of Marquette in a nutshell—or in a booklet, to be more exact. The first paragraph handed me a distinct shock, and I am sure it will be of interest to you:

"Because Marquette bears the name of the famous Jesuit missionary and explorer, Father Jacques Marquette, one often hears the inquiry whether Father Marquette was the founder of the city. Father Marquette's missionary labors took him along the south shore of Lake Superior to his mission-station on one of the Apostle Islands; but there seems to be no historical evidence that he stopped at this particular location. There was certainly no permanent white settlement here until the year 1849. In that year Mr. Amos R. Harlow and others, mostly from New England, reached the site of the future city of Marquette, made a small clearing in the wilderness, erected a few rude buildings and a forge for the production of iron blooms out of the ore that was to be brought down from the iron mines a dozen or so miles west of the location. Marquette thus owed its origin and to a considerable extent its existence to its being the lake port for the Marquette iron range."

So, you see, even these Michiganders must take off their hats to a bunch of New England yankees! I understand, however, that this statement has evoked no small amount of criticism from some of the town's most prominent citizens, who object to this stealing of Father Marquette's thunder, if you don't mind the vernacular. At any rate, there is a nice statue of the dauntless missionary on a hill overlooking Lake Superior, directly in front of the Hotel Marquette—which, I presume is the hotel where you stayed when you visited here)—and as soon as the snow melts sufficiently to enable me to get within a few feet of the statue, I'll take a look at the inscription and see what that says. If the inscription should happen to be in French, I'll be entirely out of luck, because I'm afraid that the only French I remember, after all the weary hours Miss Casey spent in drilling it into my cranium, is this: "Honi soit qui mal y pense", which means: "So this is Paris!" or something like that.

Marquette has another similarity to the Berkshire Hills, in that it is rich in fascinating Indian legends, if we may believe the Chamber of Commerce booklet. There is a natural park here called Presque Isle, which is just what its name implies—almost an island, jutting into Lake Superior. It was once the hunting ground of the famous tribe of Chippewas—this from the C. of C. booklet—and it is now the resting place of the last chief of that historic band, Kaw-baw-gam. And there is the old Indian silver mine, where, according to the legend, rich mineral treasures may yet be found, but whose secret is forever locked in the heart, now still, of old "Chief Charlie."

No one can say that this region lacks romance, can they?

When the weather gets milder, I'm going to browse around in the once happy hunting grounds of the Chippies and see if I can imbibe a little of this romantic lore with which this district seems to be so well supplied. In the meantime, I am getting



most of my romance from the silversheet at the Delft Theatre here, and enjoying it immensely, too.

I expect to be in Pittsfield for a vacation this summer, and if I am able to get there before school closes, you may be sure that I will be very glad to accept your invitation to visit Room 9.

With best wishes,

Edward J. Hickey.

\* \* \* \*

Pupil: "I can't seem to get that Latin. I've written it about a hundred times."

Miss Conlon: "Rest your arm and use your head instead."

\* \* \* \*

Ann Rodger in lunch room: "How are your tongue sandwiches today?"

One of the clerks: "They speak for themselves."

\* \* \* \*

Perry: "I can't recite that example."

Mr. Lucey: "I guess zero means nothing to you."

\* \* \* \*

Sophomore: "Are brains singular or plural?"

Lila Burns: "Singular in sophs, plural in Seniors."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Powers: "Wood, I'm tempted to give you a zero."

Joe Wood: "Yield not to temptation."

\* \* \* \*

L. Tanner: "Is Smith a good chemistry student?"

H. Houser: "Good! I should say so. He's got the acids eating right out of his hands."

\* \* \* \*

You tell 'em graduate, you've Senior days.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Murray: "How does the government protect our public morals?"

H. Danes: "By passing the Pure Food law."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Casey (taking attendance): "Hansen here?"

Pi Learned: "Who, handsome? Here I am."

Miss Casey: "No, he isn't here, I guess."

\* \* \* \*

Ray Pilon: "I get a great deal of pleasure out of my Physics class."

Arnold Rose: "Yes, out of it."

\* \* \* \*

E. Greene: "I don't need a pony to get Virgil. I need a horse and wagon."

Mr. Goodwin: "If some of you students want to be elevated in Latin, you'd better get a mule."

\* \* \* \*

If a student stumbled over a stone, would it be called a geology trip?



## Exchanges

A-MC.

### With Our Neighbors

"*The Emblem*", *Southington, Conn.*—We are in full sympathy with G. Weaner. Since he feels as he does, we hope he remembers to comment upon our "Student's Pen". We have something else in common too, our Book Review sections. Your "Question Box" is very amusing. Headings for departments will help your paper.

"*Green and White*", *Hawthorne, Mass.*—Glad that the Literary Digest failed to put in its appearance or we wouldn't have had news about us from you. We like your magazine; it is well edited. The "Essex Aggie" girls are wide awake all right. Hope they win all the basketball games.

"*The Deerfield Arrow*", *Deerfield, Mass.*—A very large Literary department. We suggest that you read the last sentence of our comment upon "The Emblem."

"*The Catamount*", *Bennington, Vt.*—Your literature is the most colorful feature of your magazine. We enjoyed the editorial "Mirages", "Muchly"—and your poetry deserves mention. We think, however, that you need a larger joke section.

"*Johannean*", *St. John's, Mountain Lakes, N. J.*—We thought "Pansy Goes to School" greatly refreshing and the "Bulletin Board" a unique idea. Come again!

"*Homespun*", *Greensboro, N. C.*—Certainly your material is novel, and your magazine "different". Now for a suggestion or two—we think that a few more headings for the various departments would make your paper more attractive in appearance.

"*The Imp*", *Boston, Mass.*—The Imp is shrieking for more material and cartoons.

"*Keramos*", *East Liverpool, Ohio.*—"Your Idea", meaning the exchanges, is simply "corking." The drawings add much to your well planned magazine.

"*The Taconic*", *Williamstown, Mass.*—Athletic notes are well edited. We surely envy your luck in having so many poets. You do need a few more writers, however.

"*Brocktonia*", *Brockton, Mass.*—We greatly enjoyed the Valentine issue. Your material is lively and interesting. Miss Jordan is right there with the "stuff." A fine exchange column!

"*Chips*", *Richmond, Vt.*—A "ducky" little paper. Your poets shine brilliantly. Couldn't you arrange to have longer stories?

The "*Crimson and White*", *Albany, N. Y.*—A very lengthy "Humor" section. Your Literary Department is too small. Try to enlarge it.

"*The Record*", *Littleton, N. H.*—We found "Hiram and Alberta Visit an Amusement Park" very humorous. The cut for the Alumni Notes is very skillfully done, in fact, so are all the others. You might add a few poems.



"The Megaphone", Franklin, Mass.—Yours is what we term a regular paper. The Alumni Department is the most complete we have yet read. The snapshots just make the magazine. We earnestly hope that we are one of the "old standbys", as we enjoy you as an exchange.

"The Clarion", Fair Haven, Vt.—We are pleased to notice that you comment upon those papers that mention you. It shows the right spirit on the part of the Exchange department. You are another paper that lacks poetry and jokes. How about it?

"The Palmer", Palmer, Mass.—Here are a few suggestions: Cuts for the departments to help "show" them up, separate the jokes from the "Poets' Corner" and place them in a special department.

"The Orange Peals", Orange, Mass.—A very complete paper. We thoroughly enjoyed "The Sleeper" and the "Diary of the H. L. Himself", Josh Billings comes to life again. What about a few more grinds? Don't fail to remember us.

"The Argus", Gardner, Mass.—Another school which can boast of wide awake girls. You have some hockey team. You need more jokes and poems.

"The Enfield Echo", Thompsonville, Conn.—Delighted that we so easily found your home town. We usually spend valuable time tearing up magazines to locate theirs. Can't you procure more material, especially a few poems?

"The Folio", Flushing, N. Y.—The "April Fool" issue is the most novel one we've received. We are reading "M'Lady's Glove" and are anxious to have the next installment so send us another "Folio" soon.

The "Observer", Ansonia, Conn.—Collect your jokes (and there surely are many) and it will improve your paper. We also suggest that you have longer editorials.

The "High School Herald", Westfield, Mass.—Your joke department is O. K. By the way your poets are in hiding aren't they?

The "Hollen", Danvers, Mass.—A creditable literary section. As an improvement how about a poetry department?

"Student's Review", Northampton, Mass.—We commend your literary department—it is fine for such a tiny paper. Couldn't you "squeeze in" a few more editorials?

"High School Chronicle", Danbury, Conn.—What an "up to date" School Notes' cut! Stir up a few more stories and poems.

\* \* \* \*

### At Home

"The Student's Pen"—A well balanced paper with interesting Literary and Athletic Departments.—"The Taconic", Williamstown, Mass.

"The Student's Pen"—You have a very well balanced paper. The book reviews are exceptionally good.—"The Observer", Ansonia, Conn.

"The Student's Pen"—Interesting literature. The poem "Tough Luck" was amusing. Jokes, and you certainly had plenty of them, will make any magazine interesting.—"The Johannean", Mountain Lakes, N. J.

"The Student's Pen"—Very artistic covers. Your idea of having book reviews is good.—"The Catamount", Bennington, Vt.

"The Student's Pen"—We enjoy reading each number of your magazine. Your stories, poems, and book reviews are worth reading. On the whole, you have an excellent chronicle.—"High School Chronicle", Danbury, Conn.

"The Student's Pen"—Your paper is well arranged. The title page is attractive.—"Green and White", Hawthorne, Mass.

"The Student's Pen"—Your cover was excellent! You certainly are well versed in books and poetry. "Book Reviews" were very fine.—"The Palmer", Palmer, Mass.

"The Student's Pen"—Your exchange department is a good one. Also you have a funny list of "smiles". Why don't you have a real contents page telling the name and author of each contribution?—"The Greylock Echo", Adams, Mass.

"The Student's Pen"—Your graduation number is one of the best of its kind that we have seen this year, because it is so full. Nothing but praise can be given to you for the publication of such a magazine.—"The Red and White", Rochester, N. H.

"The Student's Pen"—Your cover design on your graduation number was very attractive. Glad to see you have such a large "Exchange Department."—"The Enfield Echo", Thompsonville, Conn.

"The Student's Pen"—This is a paper consistently good—one we like to read.—"The Shucis", Schenectady, N. Y.

"The Student's Pen"—Welcome! We surely enjoyed your exchange and look forward to the next.—"Murdock Murmurs", Winchendon, Mass.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Curtin: "Why, Burns, that was a terrible recitation. At your age George Washington was perfect in geometry."

Scotty Burns: "Yes, and at your age he was president, Mr. Curtin."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Day: "Did any of you see the headline in the paper 'Seven men Killed by Ethel Gas'?"

P. Hillberg: "My, how terrible. She must be an awful girl."

\* \* \* \*

Ted Combs (on being arrested): "But, officer, I'm a student."

Officer: "Ignorance is no excuse."

\* \* \* \*

Jack Harding: "Oh! say, Harriet, I have an idea."

Harriet Moses: "Be good to it. It's in a strange place."

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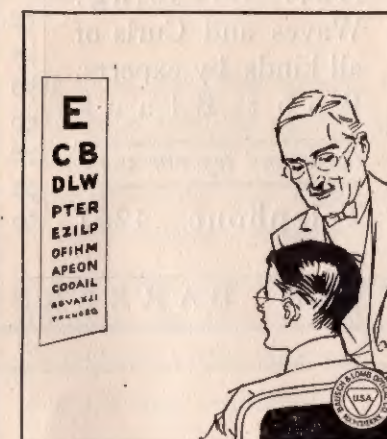
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